Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths sauour but themselues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benefliсted,
If that the heauens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That bearest a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eie deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fooles, do these villains pity
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noiseleſſe
Land, with plumed helme thy slaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alacke, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe diuell, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend, so horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-couerd thing, for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnesse

To

To let these hands obey my bl
They are apt enough to dislec
Thy flesh and bones, how ere t
A womans shape doth shield t

Gon. Marry your man-hood

Enter a G

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good Lord, the
his seruant, going to put out t

Alb. *Glosters* eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred
Oppos'd against the acte, ben
To his great master, who ther
Flew on him, and amongst th
But not without that harmful
Which since hath pluckt him

Alb. This shewes you are a
That these our neather crimes
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, lost he

Gent. Both, both my Lord, t
Answer, tis from your sister.

Gon. One way I like this we
But being widow, and my *Gl*
May all the building on my fa
Vpon my hatefull life, another
Ile reade and answer.

Alb. Where was his sonne

Gent. Come with my Lady

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord, I

Alb. Knowes he the wicke

Gent. I my good Lord, twa
And quit the house on purpo
Might haue the freer course.

Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue to than
Thou shewedst the King, and

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